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G. W. GILLMAN,

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Book and Job Printing
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

How aches my heart to part with thee,
My loved, my early friend;
How thrills my soul with agony
To think so soon will end
Life's brightest hope,—its pleasure here—
And leave me nought but dark despair.

Yes, dark indeed, the world will seem,
When thou no more I see,
When thy confiding, bright eye's beam
Falls not again on me:
'T were bliss indeed, could I depart,
And bear thee company, nor part.

Life hath no longer charms to bind
My weary spirit here;
No longer by worldly hope confined,
Nor moved by worldly fear,
Gladly would I resign my breath,
And pass with thee the shades of death.

Yet, no; I cannot with thee die:
God wills that I shall stay
Longer, life's varied scenes to try;
Whilst thou art borne away
By blissful spirits to yon Heaven,
Thy soul redeemed, thy sins forgiven.

And thou wilt be so happy there,—
How happy: in thy form
No more disturbed by grief or care,
No more in pain to roam,
Thou'lt sing the song that angels sing
Of praise to thine eternal King.

I would not, could not keep thee here,
Much as I wish thy stay;
And if my prayer would bind thee here,
Yet still I would not pray:
But bid thee leave a world like this,
And taste the sweets of endless bliss.

Yes; I would freely give thee up,
And bless the hand divine,—
Though now I taste of sorrows cup,
That—ere it made thee mine,
A friend to love me and to bless,
To cheer and soothe me in distress.

The past oft speaks reprovingly,
As mourned in my sight;
It whispers me untrue to thee,
And wandering from the right,—
I never showed the way to God,
But led thee farther from the road.

If God had been no truer friend
Than I, thine erring one,
Did he not love and mercy blend
Through merits of his son,
Thy soul might never tasted heaven,
Thy sins had never been forgiven.

Then why should I not yield to Him
A gem I prize so dear;
What though it break my heart, and dim
Mine eyes with many a tear,
I'll bless His name as time rolls on,
And strive to say "Thy will be done."

NEWSPAPERS AND STAGE COACHES. A newspaper and Stage Coach are similar. One publishes, the other carries—for the public. And it would be just as ridiculous for a subscriber to refuse to take a paper because it sometimes published matter he could not approve, as for a traveller to refuse to ride in a stage coach, because it sometimes conveyed men of a doubtful character.

Judge a man by his action—a poet by his eye—an idler by his fingers—a lawyer by his leer—a boxer by his sinews—a justice by his frown—a great man by his modesty—an editor by his coat—a tailor by his agility—a sinner by his elbow—and, finally, a woman by her neatness.

Men are like bugles, the more brass they contain the farther you can hear them. Ladies are like tulips, the more modest and retiring they appear the better you love them.

THE WAR. "What makes laters so high?" inquired an old lady of the marketman, as she was purchasing.

"Oh, the war, ma'am."

"Do they fire taters at the Mexican?" responded the old lady; "why that is funny."

GIVE AND TAKE.

"Gin me a kiss, my charming Sal,"
A lover said to a black-eyed girl;
"I shan't," says she, "you lazy elf,
Screw up your lips, and help yourself."

THE STORY TELLER.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

LEGENDS OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

THE PREACHER GENERAL.

It was a beautiful picture, that quaint old country church, with its rustic steeple and grey walls, nestling there in the centre of a green valley, with the blue sky above, and a grass-grown graveyard all around it.

It was indeed a fine old church, that Chapel of St. John, and in the quietude of the summer noon, when not a cloud marred the surface of the heavens, not a breeze ruffled the repose of the grave-yard grass. It seemed like a place where holy men might pray and praise, without an earthly care, a worldly thought.

The valley itself was beautiful; one of the fairest of the green valleys of the Old Dominion. A slope of meadow, dotted with trees, a stream of clear cold water, winding along its verge, under the shadow of grey rocks; to the east a waving mass of woodland; to the west a chain of rolling hills, with the blue tops of the Alleghanies seen far away! Was it not a lovely valley, with the quaint old church, smiling in its lap, like a Pilgrim, who, having journeyed afar, came here to rest for a while, amid green fields and swelling hills!

It was a Sabbath noon, in the dark time of the Revolution. Fear was abroad in the land; yet here, to the good old church, came young and old, rich and poor, to listen to the words of life, and break the bread of God.

Yonder, under the rude shed, you may see the wagon of the farmer, and the carriage of the rich man; or looking along this line of trees, you may behold the saddled horses, waiting for their masters. All is silent without the church; a deep solemnity rests upon the Sabbath hour.

Within! Ah, here is indeed an impressive spectacle. Through the deep-silenced windows pours the noon-day sun, softened by the foliage of trees. Above is the dark ceiling, supported by heavy rafters; yonder the altar, with the cross and sacred symbols, I. H. S., gleaming in the light; and all around, you behold the earnest faces of the crowded assemblage.

The prayers have been said, those prayers of the Episcopal church, which, gathered from the Book of God, flow forever in a fountain of everlasting beauty in ten thousand hearts—the prayers have been said, the hymn-notes have died away, and now every voice is hushed, every face is stamped with a marble stillness.

A few moments pass, and then behold this picture:
Old men and young maidens are kneeling around the altar—yes, the forms of robust manhood and mature womanhood are prostrate there. Along the railing, which describes a crescent around the altar, they throng with heads bent low and hands clasped fervently.

They are about to drink the Wine of the Redeemer—to eat the Bread of God.
Is it not a lovely scene? The white hairs of the old men, the brown tresses of the young girls, the sunburnt visages of those well-formed young men, the calm faces of the matrons, all touched by the fitting sunbeam.

Look! Amid that throng a dusky negro kneels, his swart visage seen amid the pale faces of his white brethren.

All is silent in the church. Those who do not come to the altar, kneel in reverence, and yonder you may see the slaves, clustering beside the church-porch, with uncovered heads and forms bent in prayer.

All is silent in the church, and the Sacrament begins.

The Preacher stands there, within the railing, with the silver goblet gleaming in one hand, while the other extends the plate of consecrated bread.

His tall form, clad in the flowing robes of his office, towers erect, far above the heads of the kneeling men and women, while his bold countenance, with high brow, and clear dark eyes, strikes you with an impression of admiration. He is a noble-looking man, with an air of majesty, without pride; intellect, without vanity; devotion, without cant.

Tell me, as he moves along yonder, dispensing the wine and bread, while his deep, full voice, fills the church with the holy words of the Sacrament—tell me, does he not honor his great office, this Preacher of noble look and gleaming eyes?

Look! how fair hands are reached forth to grasp the cup, how many heads bow low, as the bread of life passes from lip to lip. Not much whining here, not much stained mockery of devotion, but in every face you see the tokens of a sincere and honest religion.

The Preacher passes along, bending low, as he places the goblet to the red lips of yonder maiden, or extends the bread to the white-haired man by her side. Meanwhile, his sonorous voice fills the church:

—And as they were eating, Jesus took bread and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, Take, eat, this is my body.

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it, for this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

As you gaze upon the scene, a holy memory seizes upon your soul.

The quiet church, the earnest faces of the spectators, the sunlight stealing through the deep-silenced windows, over the group of kneeling men and women, who in this time of blood and war

have met to celebrate the Supper of their Lord; the tall Preacher passing before the altar, the goblet gleaming in his hand—this is the scene which is now present with you.

The memory?
Ah, that is of a far-gone day, some seventeen centuries ago, when in the fragrant chamber of Jerusalem, Jesus looked around, with his eyes of eternal love, and shared the cup and bread, with his faithful Eleven, while beloved John looked silently into his face, and black-browed Judas scowled at his shoulder. Yes, the Memory seizes upon you now, and you hear his tones, you see his face, the low deep tones flowing with eternal music, the face of God-head, with its eyes of unutterable beauty.

Now the Sacrament is over, yet still the men and women are kneeling there.
The Preacher advances, and stands in front of his people, with the silver cup in his hand. A slight breeze ruffles the folds of his robes, and tosses his dark hair back from his brow.

He is about to speak on a subject of deep interest, for his lip is compressed, his brow wears a look of gloom. Every man, woman and child, in that crowded church, listens for his first word; the negroes come crowding around the church-porch; the communicants look up from their prayers.

The words of the Preacher were uttered in a tone that thrilled every heart:

"There is a time to preach, to pray, to fight!"

He paused, looking from face to face, with his flashing eyes.
"The time to preach is gone, the time to pray is past, the time to fight has come!"

You could see his stature dilate, his eye fire, as he thundered through the church—"the time to fight has come!"

The silver goblet shook in his quivering hands. With one impulse the congregation started to their feet. With the same movement the kneeling communicants arose. These strange words burned like fire-coals at every heart.

"Yes," thundered the Preacher, "yes, my brethren, when we preach again, it must be with the sword by our side—when we pray, it must be with the rifle in our hands! I say the time to fight has come! for at this hour your land is red with innocent blood, poured forth by the hirelings of the British King. For at this moment the voices of dead men call from the battle-field, and calls to you! They call you forth to the defence of your homes, your wives and little ones! At this moment, while the noon-day sun falls calmly on your faces, the lonely valley, and you seize the rifle, for your country and your God!"

Bold words were these, majestic the bearing of the Preacher, eloquent his look, fierce as flames, coils his ringing voice!

A deep murmur swelled through the church—a wild, ominous sound—and then all was still again.

My brethren, we have borne this massacre long enough. Now, our country, our God, our dead brethren call to us. Now, our wives look in our faces, and wonder why we delay to seize the sword; nay, our little ones appeal to us, for protection against the robber and assassin—Come, my friends, I have preached with you, prayed with you—with you I have eaten the Saviour's body and drank his blood. Now, by the blessing of God, I will lead you to battle. Come, in the name of that country which now bleeds beneath the Invader's feet—in the name of the dead, who gave their lives in this holy cause—in the name of the God who made you, and the Saviour who redeemed you—I say come! To arms! The time to fight is here!

Did you ever see the faces of a crowd change, like the hues of the ocean in a storm? Did you ever hear the low, deep, moaning of that ocean, when the storm is about to break over its bosom? Then may you have some idea of the wild agitation which ran like electric fire through this quaint old Chapel of St. John, as the preacher stood erect, with the goblet held in his extended hand, his brow flushed with a warm glow, and his eyes gleaming fire.

"The time to fight is here," he said, as with a sudden movement he flung his sacerdotal robe from his form, and stood disclosed before his congregation arrayed in warrior costume.

Yes, from head to foot, his proud form was clad in the blue uniform of the Continental host, while the pistols protruded from his belt, and the sword shone by his side.

At that sight, a murmur arose, a wild hurrah shook the church.
"To arms!" arose like thunder on the Sabbath air.

And then there was one wild impulse, quivering through each manly breast, as though each heart beat with the same pulsation. They came rushing forward, those robust forms; they clustered around the altar, eagerly reaching forth their hands to sign the paper, while the preacher laid upon the Sacrament table. In that crowd were old men with white hair and hoys with beardless cheeks, all moved by the impulse of the hour. The women, too, were there, urging their brothers, and urging their husbands, to sign their names to the Preacher's muster roll, and become soldiers for their Country and their God.

The sunlight fell over the wild array of faces glowing with emotion, and revealed the light forms of the women passing through the crowd, while the Preacher stood alone, with the paper in one hand and his good sword in the other.

Softly came the summer breeze through the windows; brilliantly in the sunlight glittered the Cross and the holy letters—I. H. S.

Still the Preacher stood there, that proud flash upon his brow, that deep satisfaction gleaming from his dark eye.

"Now," said he, gazing upon the stout forms

which encompassed him like a wall, "now let us pray God's blessing on our swords!"

As one man they knelt.
The Preacher, attired as he was in the blue and buff uniform, knelt in their midst, clasping his sword in his hand, while his deep voice arose in prayer to God.

That night, through a road that led between high rocks, three hundred brave men, mounted on gallant steeds, went forth to join the Army of Washington.

At their head, riding a grey steed, his tall form clad in the blue and buff uniform, was their leader, who, with compressed lip and gleaming eye, led them on to battle.

It was the darkest hour of the battle of Germantown, when a gallant warrior, clad in the Continental uniform, and mounted on a grey steed, was surrounded by a crowd of British soldiers.

All day long, that American General had gone through the rank of battle, at the head of his brave men. Side by side with Washington and Wayne, he had rushed upon the British bayonets. One by one, he had seen his gallant band measure their graves upon the fatal field. Now he was alone—the last in the dread retreat.

All around was smoke and mist. Chew's house was seen to the East, looming grandly through the gloom. The American Army were in full retreat, while this solitary warrior, mounted on his grey war-horse, looking from side to side, beheld nothing but scarlet uniforms and British bayonets. At his back, toward the North was a high wall, built of massive stone, a wall the most gallant steed might essay to leap in vain. That warrior's horse was brave, his blood was full of fire, but he recoiled from that terrible leap.

The soldier on the grey steed was a prisoner. The British encircled him, their bayonets pointed at his breast, while his dark eye moved from face to face.

A soldier advanced to secure the victim; he was a gallant fellow, his brown hair waving in thick curls around his ruddy face. He advanced, when the American soldier gazed in his face with a look of deep compassion, and muttered a prayer. The hand of the Briton was extended to grasp the bridle rein of the grey steed, when the American suddenly drew his pistol from the holster and fired.

A moment passed—the smoke cleared away. There, on the moist earth, bleeding slowly to death, lay the handsome Briton—but the prisoner?

Look yonder to the South! There, through the folds of mist, you may see the grey horse and his rider. Bullets whistle in the air, but he does not fall. Still the gallant steed keeps on his career. Right through the British army, right through the hail of lead, the mist wreathing like a cloak around his rider's form.

Now he turns, yes, to the North again. The band of soldiers look up from the corse of their dead comrade, and behold the American soldier dashing along the road, right in front of their path. They raise their muskets—they fire.—The American soldier looks back and smiles, and passes on.

The white cloud receives him into its folds. Yet lo! As he passes on, through smoke and mist, urging his gallant grey to the top of his speed, he sees once more the glare of red uniforms, the flashing of British steel. He is surrounded by a band of dragoons, returning from the pursuit of Washington's army. Again to the South, with the pursuing troopers at his horse's heels. How gallantly he rides—look! You can see his form rising through the mist; by the light of that pistol flash, you can see the tossing of his plume, white as a snow-flake floating in the sun.

Again to the South through the closely-woven ranks of the British host. Those soldiers look up in wonder at the strange sight—an American officer dashing bravely through their lines unscathed by bullet or sword.

Now doubling on his pursuers, now near Chew's house, now far away in the fields, that brave soldier kept on his flight. God and the mist favored him. At last, after dashing through the British lines, he was riding Northward again—his pursuers had lost sight of their victim. He was riding slowly Northward again; his bold steed was covered with blood and foam, when looking ahead, he beheld a wounded man, stretched on the sod, in the agonies of death.

It was the brave young Briton, who had fallen by his shot. A tear was in the eye of the American soldier, as he beheld that pale brow, with its curling brown hair. Perchance the youth had a wife—a sister—in far away England? Or may be, even now a mother wept for his return?

Our Continental soldier dismounted; he laid the head of the dying Briton on his knee. He moistened his hot lips with water from his flask. It was a sad yet lovely sight, to see that brave American, in his blue uniform, kneeling there, with the head of his enemy, the red-coated Briton, resting on his knee.

Then as the dying man looked up, his face, mottled a prayer for his passing soul. As that prayer went up to God, up with its accents of compassion, ascended the soul of the British youth.

The American held a dead body in his arms. One look at the pale face, and he sprang to his steed. He rejoined the American army some miles above, but never in all his life did the Preacher Soldier forget the last look of the dying Briton.

Another scene from the life of this Preacher Soldier.

It is night around Yorktown. Yonder, through the gloom, you see dim masses of shadow, creeping along, toward the British entrenchments. Suddenly all is light, and groans and smoke! Suddenly the Continentals start up from darkness into the light of the cannon-glare! Suddenly the sky is traversed by fiery bombs, while the earth shakes with the tread of embattled legions!

Look yonder! A desperate band of American soldiers, with fixed bayonets, advance along the trenches, and springing up the steep ascent, to the very muzzles of British cannon. This is the crisis of the fight. Those cannon spiked, this redoubt carried, and Yorktown is won! Two brave men led on these soldiers—the high-browed Alexander Hamilton, the other the Preacher-Soldier! A desperate charge—a wild hurrah, the redoubt is won!

And there, standing in the glare of the cannon, on the very summit of the steep ascent, the flag of stars in one hand, the good sword in the other, the Preacher-Soldier shouts to his comrades, and tell them that Yorktown is won.

He stands there for a moment, and then falls in the trench, his leg shattered by a cannon ball. Bending over him, by the light of the battle-glare, the brave Hamilton gazes in his pale face and there, beside the wounded Preacher-Soldier, pens a few hasty words, announcing to the Continental Congress that Yorktown is taken—Cornwallis a prisoner—America a Nation!

And who was this brave man, who, from the altar of God's Church, preacher freedom? Who, the last in the retreat of Germantown, escaped as by a miracle from British bayonets? Who by a long course of gallant deeds, wreathed his brow with the Hero's laurel? Who was this brave man? How name ye him, who led on the forlorn hope at Yorktown, with the stately banner waving over his head?

Ah, he bore a name which our history loves to cherish, which our literature embalms in her annals, which Religion places among her holiest lights, burning forevermore, by the altar of God!

Pennsylvania is not just to her heroes. She is content to have them do great deeds, but she suffers them to be crowded out of history. While North and South, with untiring devotion, glorify their humblest soldiers, Pennsylvania is content to take but one name upon the escutcheon of our glory—the name of "Mad" Anthony Wayne.

Now, let us do the Iron State some small justice at last. Now let us select another name of glory from the crowd of heroes. Now let us write upon the column of her fame, side by side with the name of ANTHONY WAYNE, the name of PETER MÜLLENBERG, the Preacher-General of the Revolution!

There let them shine forever—there, brother heroes, solemn witnesses of the glory of the Land of Penn.—there let them shine, the objects of our reverence and our love—these two great names—PETER MÜLLENBERG and ANTHONY WAYNE.

QUICK IN HER APPLICATION. "It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons—I am sick of the dull, prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.

"But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons," suggested the minister.

"Yes," rejoined the lady, "but you are so long about it; I could write one in half the time, if I only had the text."

"Oh, if a text is all you want," said the parson, "I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon—'It is better to dwell in a corner of a house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.'"

"Do you mean me, sir?" enquired the lady quickly.

"Oh, my good woman," was the grave response, "you will never make a good sermonizer; you are too quick in your application."

"JUDY" CATECHISES BEE.

Judy—Where does the river Lethe take its rise?

Bee—Where "cocktails" take their fall.

Judy—What was the first thing Eve made?

Bee—A fool of Adam.

Judy—Did Adam ever find Eve a Tartar?

Bee—He did.

Judy—What kind of Tartar?

Bee—An apple Tartar.

Judy—Tell me where is Fancy bred?

Bee—All in my eye.

Judy—Of what death will Shakespeare's fame die?

Bee—Of a Kean desire to make money.

Judy—What is public opinion?

Bee—Very much in favor of Judy.

Judy—What caps are the most unpopular with the Mexicans?

Bee—Yankee percussion.

Judy—Where is Santa Fe?

Bee—In the hands of General Kearney.

It is reported that Commodore Stewart has returned to Philadelphia without being ordered in to immediate service. It is also reported that Capt. Howard, of the steam cutter McLane, will be arrested, charged with purposely grounding his vessel at Alvarado.

The proceeds of a congress on Thursday, further than reading a message, were not important.

The official returns from Iowa give the democratic candidate for governor 101 majority.

The Yucatan vessels seized at New Orleans have been released.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

What is education? This is one of the watch-words, almost a cant word, of the day; but few terms are so vague. It is said by the friends of the working classes, that their first great want is a better education. Let us try to understand what this is.

The great end of education is not to train a man to get a living. This is plain, because life was given for a higher end than simply to toil for his own prolongation. A comfortable subsistence is indeed very important to the purpose of life, be this what it may. A man half-fed, half-clothed, and fearing to perish from famine and cold, will be too crushed in spirit to do the proper work of man. He must be set free from the iron grasp of want, from the constant pressure of painful sensations from grinding, ill requited toil. Unless a man be trained to get a comfortable support, his prospects of improvement and happiness are poor. But if his education aims at nothing more, his life will turn to little account.

To educate a man is to draw out his mind and unfold his faculties, to give him the free and full use of his powers, and especially his best powers. It is first to train the intellect, to give him a love of Truth, and to instruct him in the processes by which it may be acquired. It is to train him to soundness of judgment, to teach him to weigh evidence, and to guard him against the common sources of error. It is to give him a thirst for knowledge, which will keep his faculties in action through life. It is to aid him in the study of the outward world, to initiate him into the physical sciences, so that he will understand the principles of his trade or business, and will be able to comprehend the phenomena which are continually passing before his eyes. It is to make him acquainted with his own nature, to give to him most important means of improvement, self-comprehension.

In the next place, to educate a man, is to train the conscience, to give him a quick, keen discernment of the Right, to teach him Duty in its great principles and minute applications, to establish in him inviolable principles of action. It is to show him his true position in the world, his true relation to God and his fellow-creatures, and the immutable obligations laid on him by these. It is to inspire him with the idea of Perfection, to give him a high moral aim, and to show him this may be maintained in the commonest toils, and how every thing may be made to contribute to its accomplishment.

Further, to educate a man in this country, is to teach him to be a good citizen, to establish him in the principles of political science, to make him acquainted with our history, government, and laws, and to teach him our great interests as a nation, and the policy by which they are to be advanced, and to impress him deeply with his responsibilities, his great trust, his obligations to disinterested patriotism as the citizen of a free State.

Again, to educate a man, is to cultivate his imagination and taste, to awaken his sensibility to the beautiful in nature and art, to give him the capacity of enjoying the writings of the men of genius, to prepare him for innocent and refined pleasures of literature. We will only add, to educate a man is to cultivate his powers of expression, so that he can bring out his thoughts with clearness and strength, and exert a moral influence over his fellow-creatures. This is essential to the true enjoyment and improvement of social life.

According to these views the laboring classes may be said to have, as yet, few means of education, excepting those which Providence furnishes in the relations, changes, occupations and discipline of life. The great school of life, of Providence, is indeed open to all—but what, we would ask, is done by our public institutions for the education of the mass of the people? In the mechanical nature of our common schools, is it ever proposed to unfold the various faculties of a human being, and to prepare him for self-improvement through life? Indeed, according to the views of education now given, how defective are our institutions for rich as well as poor, and what a revolution is required in our whole system of training the young.

The great aim of philanthropy should be, that every member of the community may receive such an education as has been described. To bring forward every human being, to develop every mind, is the great purpose of society. We say, of society, not of Government; for Government is a mere instrument for holding society together, a condition of its existence, and not the great purpose by which its ends are to be accomplished. One of the pernicious doctrines of the day, very pernicious to the working classes, is, that Government is to regenerate society, and exalt the individual to his true dignity. Government enables us to live together in society, and to make efforts for our own and others' welfare. But social progress depends on the spring in each man's breast, and not on the operations of the State. Government may be compared to the foundation and walls of a manufactory, which enclose and protect the moving and guiding powers. It is not the moving or guiding powers, but the necessary condition of their action. It may aid in the means and establishment of a proper school system, but the people must look to it for what their own energies can alone effect.

How are the people to obtain the thorough education of which we have spoken? How are the children of the laboring classes to be supplied with the means of a thorough intellectual and moral training? One reply to this question, and a reply which has found favor with the working classes, is that the public should sustain extensive institutions in which the poor shall receive a liberal instruction as the rich. In other words, the rich should educate the children of the comparatively poor, and should appropriate to this object a large part of their wealth; for the institutions proposed would be more costly than all others which now exist. To this plan there are several objections which we will consider in our next.

Punch says, "When a fine whistler preaches, with white kid gloves, diamond studs, maccassar rings, and a cambric pocket handkerchief, talks in a high, about the vanity of the world, we must say we feel the strongest inclination—only we are awed by the majesty of the pulpit—to shout out to him—'Now then stop!'"

Our acknowledgments are due Hon. JOHN FAIRBANKS, of the Senate, and Hon. COLMAN SAWYER, of the House, for early copies of the President's message.

About \$2000 have been collected in Salem, Mass., for the widows of the seamen of Marblehead lately lost, and \$3500 in Boston.

Covenants.—The opposition in Congress appear to be determined to make the most of their present ignominious position. On the third day of the present session, Mr. Gerrit Davis, of Kentucky, the spokesman of Mr. Clay, introduced a resolution in the House calling on the President for copies of all orders or instructions which relate to the organization of civil government in the conquered departments of Mexico. Mr. Davis's object appears, from the language used in the debate on the reception and amendments to the resolution, to have been to acquire information on which to found a bill of impeachment against the President. He said "he was prepared for the adoption of ulterior measures," "if it was proved that the President had exceeded certain limits."

This is but a prelude to the general onslaught which is to be made upon the Administration by the Federalists in Congress, on the subject of the war. It is a mere item of the Whig programme as defined by Mr. Webster in his Philadelphia speech, and will doubtless be followed up by other resolutions of a like tenor.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Post, in speaking of this resolution, says:—

"If it passes, which is hardly probable, unless greatly modified, it is doubtful whether the President, in the exercise of his superior discretion, will furnish the information desired, on the ground that its communication would be 'incompatible with the public interests.' The strongest objection to resolutions of this nature is, that the information thus publicly elicited by Congress is never long confined to that body, or even to our own people, but soon finds its way into the hands of the enemy, who is always sure to profit by the development. It is true, it might be confined to the Senate, in secret session, but not published to the whole world, whilst the war is pending. Heaven knows, the Mexicans are already receiving 'aid and comfort' from the speeches of Webster and the editorials of the National Intelligencer, without placing in their possession official documents, disclosing all the purposes of our own government, past, present and prospective. Some persons more suspicious than myself might be led to believe that Mr. Gerrit Davis (as he related to 'honest' John?) is quite as anxious to gratify the curiosity of the Mexicans as his own. But as it is known to be 'imparliamentary' to impugn the motives of an honorable man, we must take for granted, of course, that his conduct is dictated by the purest and most enlightened patriotism."

Mr. Webster always a Protectionist.—In a speech which Mr. Webster made lately in his political arena in Philadelphia, he declared:—

"I again repeat, that you will find that the first or second law passed by the first Congress of the nation, was a law to protect and to protect the manufactures of the United States. In the firm belief in the truth and justice of those principles have I grown up. They were learned by me, and I held them when I was young. I hold them now as I am old, and I will hold them till I am as old as Providence shall see fit to allow me to become."

And yet, when this statesman's unchanged opinions, as given in his celebrated Free Trade Speech in the year 1824, were published in the Pennsylvania Freeman, simultaneously with the Speech from which the above is quoted, his friends cried out in spasmodic horror at the "deception and fraud." Forgetfulness, in the estimation of Mr. Webster, must be as Godlike a quality as forgiveness is generally regarded.

Another Fix.—Mr. Webster was in his seat, says the correspondent of the Boston Post, during the reading of the President's message, and 'tis said looked daggers when the Secretary came to the passage which refers to his own recorded argument, when Secretary of State, in favor of the Rio Grande as the boundary of Texas. Public curiosity is on tip-toe to see how the Impenetrable General will escape from the dilemma in which he has voluntarily involved himself. It will require all his professional ingenuity, and much more, to explain the Boacanga despatch. He will hardly attempt it.

Another Candidate.—The Federalists of Ohio talk of putting forward Tom Corwin as a candidate for the Presidency. Well, this same Tom was once elected to a high place, and why not again? During the hard winter campaign of 1840, he was perched in the fork of an ash tree, in company with another "corwin" and in this elevated position paraded at the head of a Harrison procession. Surely, with such an endorsement of character, no man can doubt Corwin's claim to be made the successor of Washington, Jefferson, and Jackson. He is the very man for our opponents, beyond all manner of peradventure.

There is now before Congress a plan of a fire ship, made by Mr. Brown, of Illinois, for marine and harbor defense. It is so constructed as to reflect off shot, while it is capable of enveloping, in a single moment, any enemy's ship in a sheet of inextinguishable fire. It is not against ships alone that this dreadful engine of destruction might be used; but in land service, in defending passes, it would also prove invaluable.

We learn, says the Wilmington Republican, that the Grandvane millers, at the present time, are doing a larger business than they have done for many years. Large quantities of corn meal are shipped for Ireland in the form of corn meal alone they turn out 2000 hogheads a day. One mill alone, we learn, grinds near 70 hogheads per day.

The St. Louis Union of Dec. 3d, says—We were informed last evening that the founders of this city had received orders to furnish the United States one hundred tons of lumber.

Horrible.—A young man at Exeter, Me., by the name of Butler, on Thursday last, fell backwards into a scalding tub, containing hot water. It is thought he will recover, though he was almost literally "shinned from his hips to the top of his head."

A NOVEL RACE.—The New York Herald gives an account of a race of a rather novel and exciting nature, which recently took place in this city. It was between Jackson, a celebrated pedestrian, and a man named Smith, under the following circumstances: Jackson earned a man on his back, weighing 233 lbs., and ran fifty yards before Smith, who was to run a hundred yards, could overtake him. Jackson won by about 15 yards. This was a great feat when Jackson's weight (233 lbs.) is taken into consideration.

Jan. 15th is designated by the Virginia Legislature to be a day of fasting in place of Mr. Acker.

San Luis.—Major Graham, of the topographical engineers, who has returned to Washington, while on his journey to Saltillo, whither he was sent by Gen. Taylor to announce the termination of the armistice, made a reconnaissance of the strong mountain passes of the Rinconada and Los Muertos. The latter pass had been defended by the Mexicans with five separate batteries, manned by artillery and infantry, which commanded the road at the narrowest part of the pass, but these works were evacuated after the retreat of the Mexican army from Monterey to San Luis Potosi. San Luis is situated one hundred leagues (five hundred and seventy six English miles) beyond Saltillo. Here Santa Anna has concentrated all the forces he could collect, including the army which had retreated from Monterey. His force, ascertained by Major Graham while at Saltillo, was sixteen thousand men, and a reinforcement of six thousand more was expected by the middle of November from the surrounding country. The Mexican General had been very busy in fortifying San Luis ever since the capture of Monterey. No intermediate point, it is believed, was fortified upon that route.

SANTA FE.—A letter from Col. Doniphan, dated Santa Fe, Oct. 21, says the appearance of submission by the Mexicans to their new rulers is feigned. Yesterday, he says, we obtained what we deemed pretty correct information from El Paso del Norte, that Magoffin, Dr. Connelley, Colonel Owen and Glasgow were retained there as prisoners by the troops, but were treated respectfully, yet not permitted to go to Chihuahua or return. Major Gilpin has made a treaty with the eastern Indians. Our whole regiment will march into the Navajo country immediately; this lies between the Rio Norte and the waters running into the Pacific. Maj. Gilpin goes up the Chama; Lt. Col. Jackson up the Puerco of the west (there being two of them), and Gen. Doniphan (our command) up the Junes. As soon as we return we will start with the traders to Chihuahua. Col. Price and all his regiment and separate battalion will remain here this winter.

From Tampico.—The Charleston Evening News extra of Dec. 13, publishes an interesting letter from Tampico dated Nov. 26, concluding with the following:—

"It is reported and believed here that the Mexican forces under Santa Anna, about 13,000 infantry and 7000 cavalry, are moving towards Camargo; old Rough and Ready will not doubt watch him closely, and if government will only act promptly and furnish him with the necessary number of men and means, there will be no escape for him this time."

A letter from Matamoros, dated Nov. 21, says—"By the end of the coming week, Gen. Patterson will be on his march from Camargo for Tampico, by the way of Victoria. The advance of Gen. Worth upon Saltillo from Monterey, was considered certain here until yesterday—what has induced the countermand, no one is able to divine. I hear it stated that the object is not to garrison Saltillo, but to march immediately upon San Luis."

The Mexican Troubles.—The Washington Union publishes the following extract of a letter from an officer in the army to Washington, dated Mobile, Dec. 5th:—"The news from Mexico shows that country in an awful state of anarchy. Santa Anna has gone back to Mexico, and there are only 10,000 disaffected, half-starved troops at Potosi. Gen. Taylor ought to be there now with 3000 or 15,000. It is said Herrera will be elected President, and in that event peace will be certain."

The Union states that other parts of the letter recommend some plans of operations for carrying on the war, and the occupation of important strongholds, as the best guaranty for peace.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes that, the Mexican citizen who has been in correspondence with Mr. Buchanan in relation to the Northern Provinces of Mexico, was to leave that city yesterday. He has not accomplished anything, and, in fact, Mr. Buchanan, though he treated him politely, declined entering into any negotiation on the subject. The Mexican did not propose that the Northern Provinces should be annexed to the United States, but that they should declare their independence, and that the United States should guaranty their independence. The provinces for which he assumed to speak were Tamaulipas, New Leon, Coahuila, Chihuahua, and Durango. He says that the people of these States are not fit to come into this Union.

MEXICO'S DOCUMENTS.—The Washington Union publishes the documents from the State Department relative to our affairs with Mexico. They consist of the proposition for peace which we have made, and the reference of that proposition, on the part of the Mexican government, to the Congress which is to assemble this month. The Union says, "The constituent Congress of Mexico has, by this time, assembled. Much will depend upon their decisions. We are not certain about their disposition to open negotiation with us. If they consult the real interests of their country, they will accept the olive branch, and promptly enter into a negotiation. But if they yield to their late pride and vindictive feelings, they will decline the overture and pour upon their devoted country an immense torrent of miseries and disasters."

Cat. Chomras.—A soldier of the Tennessee volunteers, writing home, gives the following characteristic incident of the brave old Croghan, at the storming of Monterey:—

"We were exposed to a fire for one mile and a half, from three of the enemy's batteries. Soon after we started from our last position they opened a most galling and oppressive fire upon us. Just at this moment we met old Col. Croghan, the hero of Sandusky, with his hat off, waving it in the air; he rode between us and the enemy's fire, and, waving his hat, go on boys, go on Tennesseeans, remember you are from the land of Jackson! Go on and take that fort, and bear in mind that you are from the land of Old Hickory. The gallant Tennesseeans returned a loud shout and on they went."

Praiseworthy.—A full company of volunteers for the war has been raised in Staunton, Va., and the common council have voted \$500 towards their support and fitting out, while the citizens have subscribed \$1,200. These and other acts, before noticed, are worthy of the Old Dominion.

South Carolina.—Ex-Chancellor Johnson was elected Governor by the Legislature, without opposition. (Dr. W. A. Cain was elected Lieutenant Governor, receiving 81 votes. W. Gilmer Sumner, his opponent, received twenty-one votes. J. J. Caldwell was elected Chancellor.

Arrival of the Cambria.—The Steamer Cambria arrived at Boston on Wednesday evening last, having left Liverpool on the 4th. She made a quick passage and brought seventy-eight passengers.

The Cotton market has for the last two days before sailing, been in a very excited state; and such had been the perseverance with which it had been maintained, (upwards of 25,000 bags being taken by speculators in three days), that a rise of three-eighths of a penny had taken place within that short period.

A better feeling existed in the monetary circles. The American Provision market was dull, and prices on the decline.

All France is at this moment in a state of great excitement with respect to the audacious suppression, by Austria, Russia, and Prussia, of the republic of Cracow,—the last remaining vestige of the once great Polish nation.

The Great Britain Steamer had not been got off, and accounts from her, speak very despondingly.

The Grain trade had rather improved and more activity prevailed. A slight advance had taken place in the value of wheat, and 10,000 barrels of bonded flour had been taken for investment at 25s to 30s per barrel. Indian corn had declined 2s to 2s per quarter.

Opening of the ports. No less than four deputations, from different parts of the metropolis, waited on Lord John Russell at his office, in Downing street, London, on the 21st ult., for the purpose of presenting memorials to the Lords of the Treasury, calling on Government to open the ports to the admission of foreign corn duty free. His Lordship did not give the deputations much hope of their wishes being realized.

Six princes and several princesses of the court of Persia, have been cut off by the Asiatic cholera. The disease appears to have been particularly fatal among the upper classes. It was spreading in all directions, and had taken the course of Astracan and Moscow. It was expected, however, that its progress would be arrested by the cold weather. According to the last arrivals from Bagdad, the cholera was making great ravages in the city, 14,000 persons having already been killed by the disease.

Crucian was solemnly taken possession of by Austria on the 15th of November, and is henceforth to be the capital of Galicia. The "three protecting powers," Austria, Russia, and Prussia, put forth a document alleging that since 1815, when it was made a neutral city, Cracow has been the hub of hostile intrigues, and the treaty establishing its independence is therefore suppressed. It is remanded to the crown of Austria by a convention of the three powers signed at Vienna, Nov. 6. The feeling created by this act is wide, deep and indignant, and doubtless assist in disturbing the peace of Europe. Palmerston, it is said, despatched a cold and dry protest against the act of Lord Ponsonby, English ambassador at Vienna. But Lord Palmerston had also informed the French cabinet that there can be no united action on the subject between France and England. The fate of the Guizot ministry is supposed to hang on the English adhering to this determination.

From South America.—Rio de Janeiro papers to the 24th of October, and Buenos Ayres to the 24th of September state that a body of troops belonging to the allied forces, who were conducting a valuable mail to the coast, were attacked and dispersed with considerable loss, by a party of Argentine troops, and their mail bags captured. The mail was immediately forwarded to Gen. Rosas, who, it said, has gained from it much valuable information. It appears certain that its contents were of much importance, as it was forwarded under an unusually strong guard.

Writing on Newspapers.—A circular has been issued by the Post Office Department, directing deputy Postmasters to remove the wrappers from all transient newspapers, printed circulars, price currents, pamphlets, magazines received at their respective offices, and if found to contain any manuscript or memorandum of any kind, either written or stamped, or any marks or signs, except the name and address of the person to whom it is directed, shall be charged with letter postage, by weight; and if the person to whom it is directed shall refuse to pay such postage, the Postmaster is to send the article from whence it came and have the offender prosecuted for the penalty of \$5. The name of the sender written or stamped on the newspaper shall entitle him to the same penalty.

Notes for Married Folks.—The Governor of Missouri (a married man) in his message to the Legislature, recommends that a man shall not be permitted to go to a security without the consent of his wife.

A daughter of Capt. Reed, of Madison, Mo., was thrown from a sleigh, her skull fractured over the eye, and her face badly cut, but probably the injury will not prove fatal.

Pain on Distress of any kind, whether of gout, rheumatism, headache, toothache, or any other kind of ache, which has been induced by exposure to dampness, or by the use of cold water, or by any other cause, and which is attended by a feeling of heaviness, or by a feeling of coldness, or by any other of the above symptoms, can be removed by the use of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, because they are a powerful purgative, and they are so gentle, that they will not injure the system, and they will not produce any of the above symptoms.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills have a powerful purgative effect, and they are so gentle, that they will not injure the system, and they will not produce any of the above symptoms.

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The rest merely imitate the name of the original, while they possess none of its virtues.

Look well to the marks of the Genuine. The genuine Balm is put up in bottles, with the words "Dr. Wistar's Balm of Wild Cherry, Philadelphia," blown in the glass; each bottle bearing a label on the front with the signature of "H. WISTAR, M.D." This will be enclosed hereafter with a new wrapper; copyright secured, 1844; on which will always appear the written signature of "H. BUTTS." See advertisement of "Wistar's Balm" on fourth page for a list of Agents.

MARRIED.

In Newry, on the evening of the 7th inst., by G. L. Locke, Esq., Mr. John L. Smith to Miss Lydia Ellen Small both of Newry.

In Framingham, Mass., Mr. Spaulding Buck, of Worcester, to Miss Ellen L. Haven, of the former place.

DIED.

In this town, 13th inst., Mrs. Martha, wife of Aaron Dunn, aged 29 years.

Commissioners' Notice. WE, the subscribers, having been appointed by the Hon. John Prince, Judge of the Court of Probate, &c., to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the Estate of

RICHARD R. GODING, late of Livermore, deceased, represented by and on behalf of the said Richard R. Goding, do hereby give notice that six months from the 24th day of November, A. D. 1845, are allowed to said creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that we shall at Livermore, on Saturday, the 31st day of April next, and Saturday, the 15th day of May next, at one o'clock of said days

REUEL WASHBURN, 2 Commissioners. ISRAEL WASHBURN, Livermore, December 5th, 1845. 33

Administrator's Sale. BY virtue of License from the Probate Court for the County of Oxford, I shall sell at

PUBLIC AUCTION, on Wednesday, the twenty-seventh day of January, 1847, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the dwelling-house of Joseph H. Wardwell, in Rumford, a Farm belonging to the Estate of Phineas Wood, late of said Rumford, deceased. Said Farm lies in the town of Andover in said County, and is the same lately occupied by A. M. Jordan.

Terms of sale—Cash down. FARNUM JEWETT, Adm'r of said Estate. Waterford, Dec. 14th, 1846. 32

Commissioners' Notice. WE, having been appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners on the estate of

JAMES BEMIS, late of Paris, in said County, represented insolvent, hereby give notice that six months from the 24th of November last are allowed to creditors to bring in and prove their claims against said estate; and that we shall be in session for the purpose of receiving and examining the same at the Office of J. G. Cole, in said Paris, on the last Saturday of April, and the Saturday next preceding the Probate Court in May next, at one o'clock in the afternoon.

JOSEPH G. COLE, 2 Commissioners. RUFUS K. GOODENOW, 3d Adm'r of said Estate. Paris, Dec. 7, 1846. 31

Dr. Wood's SARSAPARILLA AND WILD CHERRY BITTERS. For the permanent removal of all such diseases as take their rise in an impure blood, impaired Digestion, Morbid state of the Liver and Stomach, Weakness of the Nervous System, and a disordered Habit of the Constitution generally.

Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, have already, by their substantial excellence, won a degree of public favor and patronage, which puts them beyond the need of recommendation. Being faithfully prepared of the most excellent materials, they can be fully relied on by all in need of a tonic, or of a medicine to cleanse the blood, and to restore the system to its natural state. Sarsaparilla takes a high rank among Physicians and all others in the list of curative agents, and it is this fact which has rendered it so generally popular. One of the most valuable of the Wild Cherry, a tonic of the first order. This happy combination is the only one ever made of these articles, and founded as it is on the best medical principles, and their virtues extracted by a rigid chemical analysis, experience has shown its unusual power and efficacy. This preparation will be found on trial, to be a sure and rapidly ready for the diseases enumerated above. They purify the blood, remove regular digestion, promote a healthy action of the Liver and Stomach, and strengthen the nerves, at once restoring health and vigor to the whole system. In all cases of debility, arising from Indigestion or Nervous irritation, they have been used with remarkable success; nor are they less useful as a remedy for Headache, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, and a general prostration of the system. At the same time, it must be stated, that they are neither violent nor at all dangerous in their operation, securing, as they do, the desired end, by a steady, regular and easy influence. Taken daily, in doses prescribed, they will be found to operate in that gentle and salutary manner, which, in fact, their highest recommendation. The following certificates, among many others which have been received from the most respectable sources, furnish satisfactory proof of the value and efficacy of this highly popular medicine.

Sandwich, Sept. 4, 1844.

Mr. E. THORNTON, JR. Dear Sir,—This is to certify that my daughter has been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, attended with almost constant headache and other distressing symptoms which rendered her existence a burden. She visited Boston to avail herself of the skill of the best Physicians of that city, all to no purpose. By the solicitation of a friend, I was induced to purchase a bottle of Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters. After using a few bottles she was cured of her headache, and after taking two or three bottles the other symptoms entirely disappeared.

North Fairhaven, Long Plain, June 16, 1845.

Mr. E. THORNTON, JR. Dear Sir,—My daughter has been for more than two years afflicted with a confirmed Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, attended with a severe and constant headache. During this time, she was constantly attended by the most skillful and intelligent Physicians, but with little or no relief, until we obtained the Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, which we used with the most successful result. I have the highest confidence in this medicine, and shall cheerfully recommend it to my friends.

Very truly yours, ANSEL WHITE. The cure described in the above certificate of Mr. White, in his case, is a singular one. There are hundreds who have been cured from the most severe and long continued cases by the use of this excellent and highly popular remedy. The Physicians recommend it to the public with the utmost confidence, for in all cases where it has had a fair trial, it has succeeded beyond the expectations of the patient or even his own. Therefore, should secure, and have secured for it, a claim to which, as a medicine, would not be merited if it were not for this. The use of this medicine, should be continued until the acknowledged efficacy of its principal constituents, should at once be recovered to the public favor.

Be particular and ask for Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters, and receive no others.

E. THORNTON, JR., sole Proprietor. New Bedford, Mass. THOMAS CROCKER, Agent, PARIS. A. Hall, South Paris. Hall & Poon, Norway. EDWARD MASON, Portland; and sold by Agents throughout the New England States. Dec. 23, 1846.

